

The Manchester Journal.

NUMBER 47.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1880.

VOLUME XIX.

The Manchester Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY D. K. SIMONDS,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

Office 3 South of the Court House,
MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

Terms \$5.00 a year. \$1.50 at office where
handies are sent. If paid in advance.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

MINK & FENN,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Office over the Equinox Store,
Manchester, [Vt.] Vermont.

BURTON & MUNSON,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
Office in the Court House, Manchester, Vt.

H. E. FOWLER & SON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Furniture and Dry Goods Agent,
New and Life Insurance Agents, and United States
Commissioners.
Office on Main Street, Manchester, Vermont.

R. HOWARD,

ASSISTANT AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office at Residence, Manchester, Vermont.

E. T. TRULL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Residence, Manchester, Vermont.

On North Main St., opposite the School House.

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

Makes a specialty of diseases of the lungs and
throat and all chronic diseases.

A. S. CLEMENS, M. D.,

V. S. EXAMINING SURGEON FOR INVALIDS,
Furniture and Dry Goods Agent,
Also agent for Wadsworth's Improved Truss.
Office at his residence, Factory Point, Vt.

E. L. WYMAN, M. D.,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office at Residence, Manchester, Vermont.

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT.

DR. O. H. SWIFT,

DENTIST,
Office Parkers' Block, opposite Music Hall,
Manchester, Vermont.

Sitons extra administered and teeth extracted
without pain. Other anesthesias administered
by advice of physician.

P. S. LOMIS,

DENTIST,
Office in Howe's Block, Factory Point, Vermont.

Both extracted without pain by the use of
Anesthetic Agents and Nitrous oxide adminis-
tered at all times if desired.

THE ELM HOUSE,

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

Open from June to October.

CHARLES F. ORVIS,

J. E. BACHELDER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Arlington, Vt.

W. B. SHELTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Opposite First National Bank,
North Bennington, [Vt.] Vermont.

W. S. PHILLIPS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Residence, Manchester, Vermont.

O. O. SMITH,

DRUGGIST, GROCERIES, FLOUR,
Dry Goods, Butter, Hops, Cakes, Breads & Shoes,
Fruit, Oils and Varnishes,
London, [Vt.] Vermont.

W. S. FOSTER,

WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
Manchester, Vt.

J. S. HARD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Woolen, Hosiery, Panty Goods, &c.
Owner of Hotel & Union Streets,
Manchester, [Vt.] Vermont.

YAN KEE HOUSE,

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

D. C. BARBER & O. M. FURUSON,

PRINTERS,
Office at a Place, 215A HOBBS' ST. 1300

BANDWELL HOUSE,

By J. W. Champion, [Vt.] Vermont.

BRIMLEY HOUSE,

By Miss E. Davis, Manchester, Vermont.

See Rooms for Summer Boarding

W. H. HARRIS,

W. H. HARRIS, Manchester, Vt.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

O. W. BAKER, Proprietor, Manchester, Vermont.

W. F. EDDY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at Chester House, Manchester, Vermont.

G. R. WILLIAMS,

dealer in
W. F. EDDY, GROCERIE

See and Groceries, &c.,
and make a specialty of

4 LEAF HATS,

Manchester, Vermont.

Children CRY FOR Pitcher's Castoria.

Mother's Like, and Physicians
recommend it.

IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

CENTAU LINIMENTS; the
World's great Pain-Relieving
remedies. They heal, soothe and
cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back
and Rheumatism upon Man,
and Sprains, Galls, and Lam-
eness upon Beasts. Cheap, quick
and reliable.

SPURTS of disgusting Mucus,
Snuffles, Cracking Pains in the
Head, Fetid Breath, Dizziness, and
any Catarrhal Complaint, can be ex-
terminated by W. D. Meyer's
Catarrh Cure, a Constitutional An-
tidote by Absorption. The most im-
portant Discovery since Vaccination.

L. H. HENKWAY, M. D.,

MANCHESTER, VERMONT.

Office at Residence on North Main Street.

THE EQUINOX HOUSE,

(Foot of Mt. Equinox),

Manchester, Vermont.

Open from June to October.

THAYER'S HOTEL,

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT.

S. E. THAYER, Proprietor.

The Pawlet, Jamaica and Londonbury stages
stop at this house. Livery and sale stable with
half mile track connected with the house. Free
carriage to railroad station. A
barber shop connected with the house.

LIVERY STABLE,

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT.

JAMES A. THAYER, Proprietor.

Good horses and carriages to let at all hours.
Orders left at Colburn House will be promptly
attended to.
Factory Point, Vt., June 24, 1878. 217

FOR SALE,

Two and a half story

DWELLING HOUSE ON MAIN STREET,

near the Equinox House. Fine location, one and
a quarter to two acres of land, stable, garden
and orchard. Good wall on the premises. Price
low. Apply to

BURTON & MUNSON,

Manchester, Vt., July 23d, 1878. 104

L. W. HOLDEN

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Office at Residence.

South Londonderry, Vermont.

HARNESS SHOP,

Having purchased the shop of H. N. WILLIAMS

in

Howe's Block,

FACTORY POINT, VERMONT

I shall manufacture all kinds of Harness

from the best

OAK AND HEMLOCK TANNED

LEATHER.

at prices to suit the times. Horse Blankets

Blankets, Combs, &c., for sale.

361

TRUMAN BENTLEY.

L. D. COY

Wishes to inform the public generally that his

stock

Boots and Shoes,

for the fall and winter trade is complete. Also

a good assortment of

RUBBER GOODS

always on hand. The above goods will be sold

cheap for cash.

Custom Work and Repairs Done Promptly and

at Reasonable Rates.

Remember satisfaction guaranteed at

Manchester Depot, Vt., Aug. 14th, 1878. 13-3m

HENRY GREEN.

WM. WILLIAMS SONS,

still continue the manufacture of all kinds of

HARNESS WORK

at the old stand and will endeavor to make it for

the interest of all who need goods in our line to

call.

WE MAKE MOST OF OUR OWN LEATHER

in the old fashioned way. We also use some of

the best Oak Stock.

An assortment of Whips, Blankets &c.

Constantly on Hand.

Persons sending orders to sell or to buy will take

great care in selecting.

Our Old-time and woolen goods.

Desired, Nov. 25th, 1878. 10-21

D. K. SIMONDS,

Proprietor.

Manchester, Vt., April 10th, 1878. 10-21

THE THREE TRAVELING BAGS.

There were three of them, all of shag-
ging black, one on the top of the pile of
trunks, one on the ground and one in the
owner's hand, all going to Philadelphia
waiting to be checked.

The last bell rang. The baggage man
bustled, fuming from one pile of baggage
to another, dispensing chalk to trunks,
checks to the passengers and curses to the
porters, in approved railway style.

Mike—Philadelphia cried a stout mili-
tary looking man with enormous whisk-
ers and a red face, crowding forward, at
the baggage man laid his hand on the
traveling bag.

Won't you please to give me a check
for this one or not? growled the proprietor
of bag No. 3, a short, port marked fellow
in a shabby overcoat.

Say! be you going to give me a check
for this one or not? growled the proprietor
of bag No. 3, a short, port marked fellow
in a shabby overcoat.

All right, gentlemen. Here you are,
says the functionary, rapidly distributing
the checks.

Philadelphia, this?

Yes, sir,—1092—1740—1020. All right.
All aboard shouted the conductor.—
And the train moved slowly out of the
station.

The baggage man meditatively watched
it as it sped away in the distance, and
then, as if a thought suddenly struck him,
snatched his thigh and exclaimed:

Bless if I don't believe—
What I required the switchman.

That I've gone and gave those three
last fellows the wrong checks. The coat-
ed little black fellows were all alike and
bothered me.

Telegraph, said the switchman.

Never mind, replied the baggage man.
They were all going to Philadel-
phia. They will find out when they get
there.

They did.

The scene shifts to the Continental hotel,
Philadelphia. Front parlor up stairs.
Occupants, the young gentleman alluded
to as No. 2 and young lady. In accordance
with the fast usage of the times, the
twain had been made one in matrimony
at 7:20 a. m., duly blessed and congratulated
at 8:15, put aboard the express at
8:45 and deposited, bag and baggage, at
the Continental, at 11:38.

They were seated on the sofa, the black
brocade coat-sleeve encircling the slender
waist of the gay traveling dress, and the
jetty mustache in equally affectionate
proximity to the glossy curls.

Are you tired, dearest?

No, love, not much. But you are, are
you not?

No, darling.

Kiss, and a pause.

Don't it seem funny? said the lady.

What, love?

That we should be married.

Yes, darling.

Won't they be glad to see us at
George's?

Of course they will.

I'm sure I shall enjoy it so much.—
Shall we get there to-night?

Yes, love, if—
Rap, rap, rap, at the door.

A hasty separation took place between
man and wife to opposite ends of the sofa;
then, Come in.

And ye please sur, it's an M. P. is
wanting to see yez.

To see me—a policeman?

Yes, sir.

There must be some mistake.

No, sur, it's yourself, and he's
waiting in the hall beyond.

Well, I'll go to—no, tell him to come
here.

Sorry to disturb you, sir, said the M.
P., with a large brass star on his breast,
appearing with great alacrity at the
water's edge. I believe that is your
valise?

Yes, that is ours, certainly. It's Julia's;
the lady's things are in it.

Suspicious circumstances about this
valise, sir. Telegraph came this morning
that a burglar started on the 8:45 Phila-
delphia train with a lot of silver spoons
in a black valise. Spoons marked T. B.

—Watched at the ferry. Followed it up
here. Took a peep inside. Sure enough
there were the spoons; marked T. B. too.
—Said it was yours. Shall have to take
you in charge.

Take me in charge? echoed the bride-
groom. But I assure you, dear sir, there
is some mistake—it's all a mistake.

Spoons you'll be able to account for the
spoons being in your valise, then?

Why—I it isn't mine; it must be
somebody else's; somebody has put them
in here; it is some villainous conspiracy.

Hope you'll be able to tell a straight
story before the magistrate, young man;
because if you don't you stand a smart
change of being sent up for six months.

O, Charles! this is horrid. Do send
him away! O, dear! I wish I was
home, sobbed the little bride.

I tell you sir, said the bridegroom
bristling with indignation, this is a vile plot.
What would I be doing with your pantry
spoons? I was married this morning in
Fifth avenue, and I am on my wedding
tour. I have high relations in New York.

You'll repent if you dare arrest me.

O, come now, said the incredulous offi-
cial, I've heard stories like that before.
This isn't the first time swindlers have
traveled in company. Do you s'pose I
don't know nothing? 'Taint no use; you
have just got to come to the station house.
Might as well go peacefully, 'cause you
have to.

Charles, this is perfectly dreadful!—Our
wedding night in the station house! Do
send for somebody. Send for the land-
lord to explain it.

The landlord was sent for and came;
the waiters and chambermaids and bar
room loungers came without being sent
for, and filled the room and adjoining
front hall—some to laugh, and some to
say they wouldn't have believed it, but
nearly all to exult that the pair had been

found out. No explanation could be given,
and the upshot was, in spite of tears,
threats, rage and expostulations, the un-
fortunate newly married pair were taken
in charge by the relentless police and
marched down stairs en route to the po-
lice office.

And here let the curtain drop on the
melancholy scene while we follow the
fortunes of the black valise No. 2.

When the train stopped at Camden,
four gentlemen got off and walked arm in
arm, rapidly and silently up one of the
by streets, and struck off into a footpath
leading into a secluded grove outside the
town. Of the first two one was our
military friend in a blue coat, apparently
the leader of the party. Of the second
two, one was carrying a black valise.

Their respective companions walked with
bustle, irregular strides were abstracted,
and apparently ill at ease.

The party stopped.

This is the place, said Captain Jones.

Yes, said Doctor Smith.

The captain and the doctor conferred
together. The other two studiously kept
apart.

Very well. I'll measure the ground
and do you place your man.

It was done.

Now for the pistols, whispered the cap-
tain to his fellow-second.

They are all ready in the valise, re-
plied the doctor.

The principals were placed ten paces
apart and were then decided uncomfort-
able air a man has who is in momentary
expectation of being shot dead.

You will fire, gentlemen, simultane-
ously, when I give the word, said the cap-
tain. Then in an undertone to the doc-
tor:

Quick, the pistols.

The doctor, stooping over fumbling
at the valise, appeared to discover some-
thing which surprised him.

Why, what the devil—

What's the matter? asked the captain,
striding up. Can't you find the caps?

Deuce a pistol or cap but this.

He held up—a lady's nightcap.

Look here—said he! holding up suc-
cessfully a hair brush, a long white
nightgown, a cologne bottle and a comb.

They were greeted with a long, round
whistle by the captain, and a blank stare
by the principals.

Confound the luck, ejaculated the cap-
tain if we haven't made a mistake and
brought the wrong valise.

The principals looked at the seconds.

The seconds looked at the principals.

Nobody volunteered a suggestion.

At last the doctor inquired: Well,
what is to be done?

D—unluckily? again ejaculated the
captain; the deuce can't go on.

Evidently not, responded the doctor,
unless they brain each other with the
hair brush, or take a pop at each other
with the cologne bottle.

You are quite sure there are no pistols
in the valise? said one of the principals
with suppressed eagerness, and drawing
a long breath of evident relief.

We must go over to the city and get the
pistols, proposed the captain.

And by that time it will be dark, said
the doctor.

Very unlucky.

We shall be the laughing stock of the
town, consoledly remarked the doctor,
if this gets wind.

One word with you, doctor, here in-
terposed the principal.

They conferred.

At the end of the conference with his
principal, the doctor advanced to the
captain and conferred with his principal.

Then the seconds conferred with each
other.

Finally it was formally agreed between
the contending parties that a statement
would be drawn up in writing, whereby
principal No. 1 tendered the assurance
that the offensive words—You are a pil-
lared—were not used by him in any personal
sense, but solely as an abstract propo-
sition, in a general way in regard to the
matter of fact under dispute. To which
principal No. 2 appended his statement
of his high gratification at this candid
and honorable explanation and withdrew
the offensive words—You are a scoundrel
—they having been used by him under
misapprehension of the intent and pur-
pose of the remark with which he had
preceded them.

There being no longer a cause for
quarrel, the duel was of course ended.

The principals shook hands, first with
each other, next with the seconds, and
were evidently very glad to get out of it.

And now that it is so happily settled,
said the doctor, chuckling and rubbing
his hands, it proves to have been a lucky
mistake, after all, that we brought the
wrong valise. Wonder what the lady
who owns it will say when she opens it
and sees the pistols?

Very well for you to laugh about,
growled the captain, but it's no joke for
me to lose my pistols. Hair triggers—
best English make, and gold mounted.

Best sin's a finer pair of shooters in
America.

Oh, we will find them! We will go on
a pilgrimage from house to house, asking
if any lady there had lost her nightcap
and found a pair of dueling pistols.

In very good spirits the party crossed
the river, and inquired at the baggage
room in reference to each and all black
leather traveling bags that arrived that
day—took notes of where they were sent
and set out to follow them up. In due
time they reached the Continental, and
as luck would have it, met the unhappy
bridegroom just coming down stairs in
charge of the detective!</